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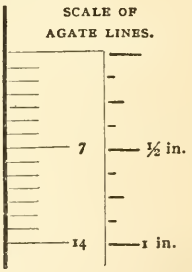

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SHAKESPEARE AS A TEXT-BOOK.

SOME thirty years ago I spent the year as a student in a New England College. During this time I do not remember that I once heard the word Shakespeare uttered by an instructor. It may have been used in a vague manner, coupled with Æschylus and Milton, with perhaps some indistinct reference to poetic excellence, but if it was, I cannot recall the fact. There was no literary course and no element of literary criticism in any part of the curriculum. The entire organization tended more towards the oratorical than the literary idea. We recited in 'Whately's Rhetoric,' and at stated intervals handed to our tutor, a young man some five or six years older than we, written compositions, which were graded and marked on some standard unknown to us, but never handed back with any suggestion or comment. The tutor's estimate was kept as a profound secret, and to have asked for his opinion on our juvenile productions would have been regarded—if not as a breach of discipline—at least as an instance of unmannerly curiosity.

Looking over ten catalogues which happen to be within my reach, I find that last year all of them included in their English courses—usually as optional with the students, it is true—critical reading of Shakespeare's plays in the class room. Such a marked change implies a radical shifting not only in the methods but in the objects of college training, or at least the admission and recognition of a new object alongside of the old ones. This object is the fostering a taste for literature as such, apart from every practical result the work may have in improving the art of expression. It is a partial recognition of the university idea, that the aim of education must not be technical. This

is certainly an elevation of the object of college life in America.' The question I propose to consider is in what manner can the instructor, who keeps in view the average quality and development of the young men on the benches before him, best help them in the forty or fifty hours he meets them, along the line of culture naturally opened by reading Shakespeare's plays?

But I must first say that it would be entirely unfair to assume that there was no literary atmosphere in New England colleges in 1855, because there was then no use of Shakespeare as a text-book. Though there were few points of contact between the faculty and the students, there were professors whom we venerated as scholars devoted to the intellectual life. But that life had theology for its aim, rather than literature or science, and was removed from most of us. It is true that among the students were such men as Andrew White, Moses Tyler, Stedman and Mulford. My remembrance 'is that they and their set were regarded with more respect than the high-stand men.' Certainly they contributed to form a literary spirit as efficiently as any instructor could have done. This spirit needed pruning and training, no doubt, but it was like all wild growths, vigorous and vital. We worshiped Macauley and DeQuincey and Carlyle without the least suspicion that they were false gods. There was no one to tell us whether they were so or not, and we were never troubled with any refined theories about true or false art, nor about 'art for art's sake.' In fact the word 'art' was never used except in a technical sense, or with reference to painting or sculpture. Very likely we admired the wrong things, and could give no reason for our liking, but at least we admired enthusiastically something we had found out for ourselves, and did not estimate things by a commercial standard.

The modern teacher who uses Shakespeare's plays as a text-book gains some important vantage points in the outset. The modern deification of the poet renders it unnecessary for him to say anything about the importance or value of the work. The class will not be inattentive nor listless. Whether he exerts himself or not, they will receive benefit. It is true that young persons are apt to read with reference to the plot or story solely, feeling as if they were

actually present at the events detailed, or as if the persons intriguing, planning, making war, or making love, were of their own acquaintance. But in doing this they receive much more than mere entertainment. From listening to the conversation of such frank, outspoken, confidential souls—for Shakespeare's most reticent characters are as confidential with the audience as with themselves in their bye-speeches and monologues—they gather a great deal of knowledge about the obscure parts of human nature. This may not be literary training, or at least the literary training which enables one to write balanced sentences, but it is knowledge worth acquiring, and it is knowledge which has some of the intimate personal applicability of knowledge acquired from experience. It is true that many of these persons speak a language different from our ordinary speech, in that it is much more finished, rhythmical, and rhetorical. They use, too, a few words which were in colloquial use two hundred years ago but are now obsolete, and occasionally ideas come to them so rapidly, and are expressed in such compact form, that it is a little difficult to catch their meaning. Still, they never fail to convey their general drift, and usually, especially when they are excited, they express themselves so much to the point and with so much force and clearness that they drive their meaning home in the most emphatic way. Young people gather ideas from the Shakespearian personages very much as they take up knowledge from hearing an animated conversation between their elders. Many persons do not readily take impressions from books, but all readily receive them from living talkers. Individuals who have the power of racy expression and are willing to disclose themselves sincerely are rare, and are growing rarer in civilized communities every day, for the usages of polite intercourse tend to surround men with an armor of what is called manners, and to restrict the area of what we can safely say to one another. The effort of men and women in every-day intercourse is to impose on other people, to convey by words, dress, manners, an untrue notion, sometimes better, not unfrequently worse than reality. Shakespeare's men and women are —to the reader—absolutely frank, and they cannot veer and change

to different readers. The most thoughtless reading with reference to the story solely, is not time thrown away.

And, further, very few young persons can read any one of the plays without being attracted by the felicities of phrase and the poetic beauty of the diction. The blank verse movement is the best possible training for natural prose writing. In many cases students memorize portions of the verse of their own accord. While the admiration for detached passages is not to be encouraged, as it gives a fragmentary character to the work, so natural a tendency should not be checked. Students will at least store up in their brain a number of sentence movements, the echo of which can hardly fail to react on their powers of expression. This advantage, however, must be regarded strictly as incidental.

It may be said that young men from eighteen to twenty-four years old can reap these advantages by reading the plays out of class-room, thus saving the scanty hours of a college course for what cannot be done elsewhere. This is not altogether true. A college course is only an initiation, after all, and it should be varied. Of course a boy with a taste for poetry will read Shakespeare by himself, but even he can be aided in the class-room. The fact that the plays are poetic conversation makes it essential that they should be read aloud. Some effect may fairly be allowed to the atmosphere of the class-room. And the instructor can do something, not very much perhaps, but something. What should he do?

In the first place he presides and directs. There must of course be no question of marking. To make Shakespeare a text-book in that sense would be perhaps the most ludicrous thing in education ever attempted in American colleges—though that is saying a good deal. He should be a blind worshiper of Shakespeare, if not, he had best resign at once. He should read in his turn, not taking the leading character, but as a member of a class reading seriatim. From time to time he may discuss some of the following points as they are suggested by the play under consideration, having reference always to the capacity and interest of the individual members of the class—which should not exceed twelve—and not to what his latest reading has made for the time being uppermost in his own mind.

I. The instructor may profitably call attention to the fact that the plot or action is not a fragmentary bit taken out of the actors' lives at random. The parts of it are intimately related to the characters as effect and cause, and are subject to very subtly inwrought laws. The plot is not some episode of chance events which the actors could view carelessly, but they made it themselves, and it is the culminating important series of events for which they have all their lives been waiting and preparing. They usually put forth all their strength, and are called on to do battle, not merely to manœuvre in a dress-parade. This gives the plays a unity, and the interest which comes from unity and is lacking to a fragment. With this may often be connected something on the art with which the author handled his original materials of tale or chronicle, and the judgment with which he amplified some parts and suppressed others under the stress of his vital conception of the characters. The excellence of the technical art of presentation or narration is also a suggestive subject, and some comment on it ought to have the indirect effect of creating a taste for good art in fiction.

II. Not very much should be said about the natures of the personages, especially about such as have at all a philosophical or contemplative cast, because young men cannot well understand what older men understand only by reflecting on their own consciousness or by recalling past experience. I doubt whether the most thoughtful young person can appreciate the difference in the treatment of the lovers in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and in *The Tempest*, because the parental feeling which influenced the last is something to which they are strangers. The underlying difference between these plays is the difference between youth and manhood. Prospero, Caliban, and Miranda are the most wonderful figures ever drawn by the hand of man,—Caliban the most so. Their significance as types of wisdom, of virginity, and of the brute-man, is so startling as to compel us to the belief that some 'affable familiar ghost taught him to write above a mortal pitch.' But the jocund company that play their tricks in the woods of Athens, and the mortals they beguile, are instinct with the spirit of youth. Hot blood courses in their veins, and immortal joy

looks through their eyes. They are teased and tormented by the spirits of nature whom Prospero subdued by 'his so wise art,' as a man conquers the peccant impulses of his early days. Except the Duke Theseus and Hippolyta, they are petulant, irascible, explosive, full of the joy of living. They are not individualized, they are typical young persons. But the young people in the *Tempest* are evidently regarded by their creator with tenderness. He dwells on their innocence and purity and freshness. The lovers in the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* are conventional. The essence of the divine nature of the covenant between a man and a woman had not yet been clearly apprehended in the poet's mind, as it was when his genius rose into wisdom. But this is a point which young men cannot understand, and in consequence they usually prefer the poem of youth to the poem of maturity. Usually, too, a young man's conception of Hamlet is something that he sets aside as he grows older. Students are not yet wise enough—or it may be not silly enough—to read philosophical analysis into poetry.

III. Nevertheless, the fact that Shakespeare was primarily a poet should be insisted on. To be told to regard him simply as a playwright working for his living, will deaden the fine bloom of youthful enthusiasm, and will chill the vital conception that every man should have of art as personal. Therefore it is well to allude to the fact that in all the work that is distinctively his, in all that he did not produce mechanically, and in adherence to the routine of his contemporaries, he was under a constraining power. He was forced to produce a work of art without much reference to the selling qualities, just as much as Shelley was; so that no doubt very much of the finest of his work was thrown away upon his audiences, or travestied and obscured by the actors, just as it is now. At the same time his exceeding good sense was never so dominated by his poetic creative impulse that he did not infuse an acting quality into his plays, as Tennyson and Browning do not. He possessed those great powers, humor and wit, one a quality of the affections and the other a quality of the intellect. These, with rhetorical power, were enough to make him a successful man. As a rule, the public does not like good poetry, and if it gets

rhetoric and wit and humor, it is delighted. If it gets that vague, alarming thing, poetry, it is apt to be a little uncomfortable, though there will be here and there an unlearned man, and here and there a scholar, who will say, 'Hush! the gods are speaking.' Young men will attain a better conception of the word Shakespearian if they understand that it has both a mechanical and a mystical element.

The time allowed in a college course is so limited that it is doubtful whether much stress should be laid on the Elizabethan period. The class should read Symond's *Pre-Shakespearian Dramatists*, or Froude's History, but the subject is so wide a one that it is likely that erroneous views will be formed. One man will be attracted by the sumptuousness of the great nobles like Leicester or Southampton or Essex, another by the excitement and enthusiasm of the 'New Learning' at Oxford, another by the dash and spirit of adventurers like Drake and Raleigh. It was such a complicated and fermenting time that it is a study by itself. Occasionally, of course, some thought in the play is explained by referring to the social system of the time. Hamlet's position as heir apparent, for instance, which was instantly comprehended by the spectator of the day, makes reasonable his immunity at Court, and the reluctance of the King to kill him except at a distance. However, the question how far to regard the plays as products of the time, is one which must be decided as it comes up. To me one of the most representative men of the period is the orator Latimer, rough, democratic, strong, devout, full of spirituality, yet full of an earthy common sense. Whether he is preaching to ten thousand people at St. Paul's, or saying to Ridley, as they stand bound back to back, with the faggots about them, 'Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man. We shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England as I trust will never be put out.' This burly preacher seems to me a significant figure, with his roots deep down in English life. Shakespeare's plays give no intimation that he was in any way conscious of the great spiritual forces of his century. Yet, though Latimer was burned in 1555, nine years before Shakespeare's birth, they belong to the same spiritual generation. For one mark of the literary men of the period was a robust, practical

objective perception of the world, not merely the common sense which results in good literary judgment, correct taste, and sense of artistic balance,—these were 'Shakespeare's freehold';—but that general acquaintance with matters of observation which specialists fail to attain. They remind one of country boys, who have a knowledge of birds and animals and plants, got by country rambles, and of the ordinary trades of cobbling, horse-shoeing, and the like, got by the watching the craftsman of the village in his shop. Again, the city, though metropolitan, was so small that the men who came up there were not in the least transformed into cockneys. There was so much going on, and so many new places being discovered, that men were communicative; and it is evident that all, even the scholar class, were educated by that most powerful factor, intelligent and interested conversation, an educational force rarely experienced now, since we have all become so silent and doubtful and indifferent. It was very natural that Elizabethan literature should be stamped by mental alertness, and by the eager curiosity, energy, and lively interest in objective life that mark youth and freshness. For a time the serious, sombre brooding on mystical questions that underlaid Middle-age devotion and Puritan righteousness were set aside. Perhaps it would characterize the public mind of England from 1550 to 1630 to say that it was radically and essentially un-Calvinistic, though Calvinism was gaining ground during the entire period. It felt the historic continuity of England so vividly that the national idea received an artistic representation never since equalled for breadth and heroic dignity. With a healthy, free sense of the content of righteousness, it made its ethical standard, conduct, and not a system. The drama, which began by satirising Rome, soon came to look for its subject-matter far beyond creed and dogma. Ford, Webster, Massinger, and Marlowe, made their underlying theme 'unchecked, unclothed human nature.' Shakespeare had the force to carry this type of art to perfection, and so, when we say Elizabethan, we mean Shakespearian.

But spiritual slavery cannot be abolished entirely by an artistic expression which ignores it. To overthrow in the popular mind a doctrine so fascinating to the ordinary imagination as the real pres-

ence on the high altar, it was no doubt necessary to oppose it with a doctrine so fascinating to the ordinary intellect as justification by faith, with its inhuman and arrogant corollaries. Suddenly the Elizabethan impulse is expended, apparently without immediate results. The Calvinistic impulse for system and formula buried it. This survives to our day, and may live out our century. One of its survivals is the inhuman logical school of political economy which has long dominated our industrial system, and has evolved our well-known baleful type of self-satisfied, self-centered man of affairs, the iron-handed, iron-hearted Puritan of business, who, too, justifies himself by faith in his system.

Now whatever view we take of English history in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is of little value in reading Shakespeare's plays. To be too historical is like examining the frame of a picture when the picture is of such transcendent merit that no frame can enhance its worth. The accurate, exact spirit of the age is apt to lead us away from Shakespeare to Shakespeare's environment. If we guard against this, Shakespeare's times may well be made a subject of study, for enough, at least, to write a theme or two on some characteristic of them. But above all we must remember the time is limited, and that a study of *Macbeth* is far more useful than an attempt to reconstruct the stage on which it was first shown.

IV. Young men will naturally desire to read some Shakespearian criticism. What men of eminence, like Coleridge and Goethe, have said, will always have considerable weight. Coleridge, especially, is so much in earnest, and many of his remarks are so like the genial suggestive conversation of one who has just seen the play well represented, that he holds the attention better than some critics who are more systematic. Of the moderns, Dowden is especially valuable, both for matter and manner. On the principle of not allowing the journeyman side of Shakespeare to obscure his character as a poet, Grant White should be diluted with the German view. Gervinus is so prolix and so ponderous in thought-movement, that he not unfrequently proves distasteful to students who enter into the dramatic spirit. There is a class of Germans who insist that

Shakespeare wrote allegories, not plays; or rather that when he thought he was writing plays, a peculiarly officious demon got hold of him and forced him to write something which at first sight appear to be dramas, and, indeed, were accepted as such by the simple-minded audiences of the day, but are in reality æsthetic conundrums of the '*Welt-Geist*,' for the comprehension of which a knowledge of modern German philosophy and a nineteenth century, Hegelian way of looking at things are demanded. These German idealists, though not in harmony with the American spirit, are very suggestive to young Americans, for, if they are a little one-sided, they have, not only the 'courage of their convictions,' but the ingenuity of their idiosyncracies. 'What's meant they sometimes may o'erlook, but never, what's suggested.' If they ever flounder in intellectual morasses it is because they approach the 'confines of thought,' where firm footing is rare. After all, in this matter of Shakespearian criticism, as good advice as any to give young men is, 'Read the plays. If you want any commentary read some other plays, Jonson's or Dryden's or Otway's, for instance, and comment on the real differences you perceive yourself. Then, read what other people have written on the subject.' For the real object of education is the power of forming independent and reasonable judgments on the matter on hand.

V. Nor do I think it very material what edition is used. In by far the greater number of cases students will correctly interpret instances of difficult construction themselves, and if they err, the effort is worth more to them than a gratuitous explanation would have been. One of the most useful exercises for them, is to paraphrase inverted and obscure passages. If the notes are full, they are very apt to read them unreflectingly. Obsolete words they should look out in a dictionary, and note the etymologies. Some of the noted cases of disputed readings may be looked up and commented on, by the students, not by the instructor. There should be a reprint of the first folio in the room, and it should be used in turn by different members of the class, for it will serve to bring them in imagination a little nearer to the poet. That an expurgated edition is necessary I should utterly deny. Of course if there were young women in the class the case

might be different, but that any sane man can be hurt by the Shakespearian frankness, is too preposterous an idea to be characterized by any adjective of good standing in the English lamguage. As a moral teacher Shakespeare is based on sound ethical principles, and interprets chastity, honor, motherhood, loverhood, friendship, as our race has always interpreted them in its healthy developments. We are not Arabs nor Hungarians nor Frenchmen, and the moral standards of alien races should not be held up before our young men. If that is done, moral growth may be distorted. It is not so much that we are better, as that we are other. Shakespeare is closely akin to us, and, as the creator of Imogen and Miranda, is one of our moral teachers. To instance but one, though that an important ethical province, he has drawn but two abandoned women as prominent figures, Cressid and Cleopatra. Compare these with the other pair just named, Imogen and Miranda. Which of these pairs does he love the best, and which does he make his readers like—I do not say, admire or respect, but simply, like? Does he not note distinctly the essential difference between the grace of sin and the grace of righteousness, and that, too, not with Puritanic narrowness but with ethical breadth? Does he ever throw any sympathetic pathos about vice? Does he not reflect faithfully the moral order of the world? And yet there are persons living who say that his book is an improper one for young persons until it is pruned by a modern moralist. A young person whose moral structure is not compacted by reading Shakespeare as he is, cannot be benefited nor injured—except by an asylum.

If time allows, the historical evolution of Shakespeare's genius, so ably sketched by Professor Dowden, is a valuable line of study. It shows the value of honest work in the development of a carcer, and how far the strongest personality is controlled by the social order of which it forms a part. That great mental force, beginning by modestly producing a merchantable article of drama in the conventional form of the day, and feeling its way step by step from *Henry VI* to *Hamlet*, is a noteworthy and instructive history of mental evolution. Almost as much as the study of his work, it ennobles our conception of the man.

But, after all, the advantages of using Shakespeare as a text-book come not so much from his teaching, or his morals, or his philosophy, as from his form. The poetical beauties which strike the boy's imagination are what appeal the most to the man. Their meaning and truth may grow on us, we may think we get more light as our sight grows stronger, but they remain the same whatever subjective elements of reflection become inwrought with them. Every young man must find them out and see them for himself. It is a very encouraging thing that colleges in America are disposed to allow their students an opportunity of doing so.

CHARLES F. JOHNSON.

Trinity College, Hartford.

THE CLASSIFICATION OF SHAKESPEARIANA.

By HENRY R. TEDDER, Librarian of the Athenæum, London.*

THE best arrangement of the multitudinous literature connected with Shakespeare has been upon my mind for some years, but my attention has recently been practically drawn to the subject by having been asked to supply a select bibliography to be appended to an elaborate article on Shakespeare, by Professor Thomas Spencer Baynes, which was to appear in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The enormous mass of literature connected with the life and writings of our national dramatist is almost beyond belief. The great collection at the Birmingham Free Library, which replaces that destroyed by fire in 1879, now extends to more than 7,000 volumes. This is the most voluminous series which exists, but I calculate that a complete collection in all languages would amount to about 11,000 volumes. As it was, of course, impossible to include a perfect list of all these works in such a publication as the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, severe selection became necessary. To go through all this literature was a very laborious undertaking, increased by the

* Reprinted here from the *Library Chronicle*, Sept. 1887, by permission of Mr. Tedder.

difficulty of seeing many of the books. The titles had to be compressed, and, as a further economy of space, articles in periodicals not issued separately, and modern critical editions of single plays were not included. Only those plays usually to be found in the collective editions were specially noticed. The next point which had to be considered was the arrangement, as without well-ordered classification such a list would have been lessened in value.

There is no want of excellent Shakespearian bibliographies, but these are either in alphabetical or chronological form; no classified bibliography has yet been attempted. The arrangement I finally decided upon may be seen in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (vol. xxi., pp. 768–771). It is the first essay at a select classified bibliography of Shakespeare, in which the titles of only the best books are presented in systematic order. Mr. Cutter's plan (see *Library Journal*, ix., pp. 137–9) contains many useful suggestions, and I have to express my ackowledgments to its accomplished compiler. I must not omit a word of warm thanks to my friend, Mr. Sam : Timmins, who most generously rendered me much assistance from his vast stores of Shakespearian lore.

As I hope that my experience may be made of further practical benefit to Shakespearian scholars and bibliographers, I have extended and re-arranged the classification in order to comprehend the titles of all the books, pamphlets, articles in reviews, etc., connected in any way with the greatest name in all literature. The plan of the following classification explains itself. It is understood that the titles should be arranged in chronological order under the headings, unless otherwise indicated.

Scheme of the Classification.

I. Collective editions of the plays and poems in chronological order.

II. Collections of two or more plays, not being complete editions.

III. Editions of separate plays arranged in alphabet of titles, *e.g.*, 'All's well that ends well,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' etc.

(*a.*) Those usually to be found in the collective editions.

(*b.*) Those ascribed to Shakespeare.

[Under the title of each play the various editions would fall in chronological order. The literary texts would be divided from the versions altered for the stage and other purposes.]

IV. Editions of the poetical pieces. [The same remarks apply.]

V. Pseudo-Shakespearian prose.

VI. Selections and readings [including Bowdlerized editions].

VII. Translations (arranged chronologically under languages, German, French, etc.).

(*a.*) Collective editions.

(*b.*) Separate plays and poetical pieces.

VIII. Critiicism, illustration and comment.

(*a.*) General works.

(*b.*) Special works on separate plays and poetical pieces. [Arranged under the title of the plays, etc.]

(1.) The literature of the plays usually to be found in the collective editions.

(2.) That of the plays ascribed to Shakespeare.

(3.) That of the poetry.

(*c.*) Special subjects [such as]

(1.) Falstaff.

(2.) Humour.

(3.) Female characters.

IX. Language [including grammars and glossaries].

X. Quotations.

XI. Concordances.

XII. Probable sources [*i.e.*, the romances, plays, tales, histories, etc., supposed to have been used by Shakespeare].

XIII. Special knowledge; [such as] (*a.*) Angling; (*b.*) Bible; (*c.*) Botany; (*d.*) Emblems; (*e.*) Folk Lore; (*f.*) Law;

(*g.*) Learning; (*h.*) Medicine; (*i.*) Military matters; (*j.*) Natural History; (*k.*) Philosophy; (*l.*) Printing; (*m.*) Psychology; (*n.*) Sea.

XIV. Periodicals.

XV. Shakespeare Societies and their publications.

XVI. Music.

XVII. Pictorial illustrations [*i.e.*, Collections. An extensive series of separate prints would have to be specially arranged].

XVIII. Biography.

(*a.*) General works.

(*b.*) Special works; [such as] Autographs and Will, etc.; (2.) Birthday; (3.) Bones and Tomb; (4.) Crabtree; (5.) Deer-stealing; (6.) Genealogy and Arms; (7.) Ghost Belief; (8.) Name; (9.) Occupation (see also special knowledge above); (10.) Religion.

XIX. Portraits and Bust.

XX. Shakespeare Allusion Books; [such as those mentioned in Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse.*]

XXI. Literary and Dramatic History.

(*a.*) General, including English speaking countries.

(*b.*) In Germany.

(*c.*) France and other countries.

XXII. Shakespeare Jubilees and Festivals.

XXIII. Ireland Controversy.

XXIV. Payne-Collier Controversy.

XXV. Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

XXVI. Other forgeries, and heterodox opinions.

XXVII. Shakespearian fiction.

XXVIII. Shakespearian squibs, almanacs, fly-leaves, etc.

XXIX. Bibliographies and catalogues.

A School of Shakespeare.

For his bounty,
There was no winter in't; an autumn 'twas
That grew the more by reaping.
—*Antony & Cleopatra*, V, ii, 86.

A STUDY OF 'HAMLET.'

ACT IV.

(1.) *Scene i, Line 27.* *'He weeps for what is done.'* Why does the Queen utter this falsehood?

(2.) *ii, 11–20.* Why does Hamlet's satire here degenerate into abuse? See also *iii, 33–36.*

(3.) *iii, 46.* Notice the double meaning of this speech of the King.

(4.) *iii, 62–66;* also *V, ii, 38–46; 352–355.* Is it probable that the King of England would have slain Hamlet, and that he did slay Rosencrantz and Guildenstern to please the King of Denmark?

(5.) *iv, 29.* Why does Hamlet here thank the Captain?

(6.) *iv, 47–66.* Notice the great difference between Hamlet and Fortinbras.

(7.) *iv, 66.* Why is it too late to be anything but thoughts?

(8.) *v, 22–56; 142–177.* Admitting Hamlet to be insane, compare Ophelia's madness with his.

(9.) *v, 84–90.* If Hamlet were so popular, why did the rabble, the 'general gender' (*vii, 16–18*) so easily forget him?

(10.) *v, 109–118.* Does a preponderance of physical instincts make affection of kindred stronger than an excess of intellect does?

(11.) *v, 131.* The re-entrance of Ophelia here is highly artistic. It intensifies the desire of revenge in Laertes, and enables the King to show his skill in handling a subject who even threatens his crown. Further, it leads to a contrast of the motives that influence Hamlet and Laertes for a common object.

(12.) *v, 190–194.* This sentence is either awkwardly constructed, or Laertes thought more of an ostentatious burial than of his father's death. Which?

(13.) *vii, 62–70; 138–145.* The King's treachery not only involves the death of Hamlet, but also degrades the manhood of Laertes.

(14.) *vii, 70–99.* Flattery easily works upon a nature not strongly intellectual.

vii, 106–108. It is but a step from flattery to an appeal to the affections.

(15.) *vii, 166–183.* The objection to this speech of the editors of the *Clarendon Press* edition of *Hamlet* seems frivolous.

The Queen, in her previous speech, announces very briefly and properly the drowning of Ophelia. It is, therefore, perfectly natural for her to relate the details, after Laertes' exclamation. The place where, and the condition in which Ophelia was found would enable the Queen easily to describe the manner of Ophelia's death.

(16.) *vii, 185.* Is this play upon the word *water* in good taste?

ACT V.

(1.) *i, 248–252.* From this speech Gervinus decides that Hamlet was phlegmatic. Is not the German critic mistaken? Is the suppression, for a moment, of the most intense excitement, indicative of a phlegmatic disposition? If phlegmatic, would Hamlet have jumped into the grave?

(2. *i, 270–273.* These extremely exaggerated metaphors illustrate Taine's remark that Shakespeare's style is a compound of furious expressions.

(3.) *i, 274–278.* Why does the Queen make this untruthful speech?

(4.) *i, 278–280.* What is there queer about this speech?

(5.) *i, 287.* What does the King mean by '*living monument?*'

(6.) *ii, 33–35.* Was there such a custom?

(7.) *ii, 150, 151.* Give Hamlet's meaning here.

(8.) *ii, 175–181.* This is a combination of metaphors whose strangeness is certainly like incoherence.

(9.) *ii, 212–223.* This is a curious speech. It is the only passage in the play where Hamlet talks like a hypocrite, for it is too logical to be true. Further, Hamlet confesses to *have been* mad, although the causes for his madness are stronger than ever, as the deaths of Polonius, Ophelia, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are added to his father's death. Further, Hamlet does not seem to suffer the remorse he should feel in being responsible for the death of so many.

(10.) *ii, 230–234.* Compare Laertes' consistency with that of Hamlet.

(11.) *ii, 271.* Under what circumstances may Hamlet be considered as fat?

(12.) *ii, 276.* Why is it too late for the King to prevent the Queen from drinking the poisoned wine?

(13.) *ii, 286.* The awkwardness of this exchange of foils, as always performed upon the stage, is exceedingly painful to any good swordsman, because it is so boorish. After being treacherously wounded, Hamlet should disarm Laertes, break the button off the end of his own foil, and then run Laertes through the body; or, spring back, snap the button of his own foil, and kill Laertes by means of superior skill; or, concealing his wound, Hamlet should disarm Laertes, courteously give him his own foil, quickly pick up Laertes' foil, and, after a vigorous renewal of the combat, give Laertes his death wound.

General References.

(1.) What unities are violated in this play?
(2.) Why is the supernatural introduced into the play?
(3.) Was Hamlet insane?

Contradictions.

(1.) *I. i, 59–63; ii, 186;* and *ii, 211.*
(2.) *I. ii, 113;* and *V. i, 153, 154.*
(3.) *I. ii, 175;* and *iv, 19, 20.*
(4.) *I. iii, 7; 123, 124;* and *V. i, 153, 154.*
(5.) *IV. iv, 25; 60.*

M. W. Smith.

TO BE CONTINUED.

'HENRY V.'

> There is some soul of goodness in things evil,
> Would men observingly distil it out.
>
> —IV, i, 4.

That seems to be the serene and practical faith of the large-hearted hero whom Shakespeare presents to us in his *Henry V.* And this Henry is none the less the Prince Hal of the Boar's-head Tavern, nor, according to Shakespeare's delineation, is the transformation so violent as to be unnatural, though it is externally so rapid and complete as to be astounding to Falstaff and like boon companions. Prince Hal's faults in his wild young days are not ingrained and inveterate, but rather

> the taints of liberty,
> The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
> A savageness in unreclaimed blood;
>
> —*Hamlet*, II, i, 32.

and when the prince becomes the king, he drops these vicious humors of exuberant lustiness in manhood, and attracts at once around him

true manhood responsive to his own, and that in spite of the stubborn prejudices of race. He is so kingly, because he is so determined to be above all things a man.

Henry IV. strove to attain, because of the power thus brought within his grasp; his nobler son desires to attain things because of the reality, the truth in them; for he loves the truth, and depends upon it and upon himself for power. At the call of war he rouses from his wanton idleness with Falstaff to measure swords victoriously with the formidable Hotspur, though, his warrior part well played, he lapses afterwards into unprincely but affectionate remembrance of the 'poor creature, small beer.' But at the call of duty and of realized necessity as ruler and leader of men, he rises at once and finally from all compromising association. His exalted station is sacred; he must be above suspicion; no temporizing with what is suspected is possible. He would not be so rigid with Falstaff were he not more rigid with himself. Something of this same sort, a like awakening takes place in Albany, when he realizes the wrong which his own slothful uxoriousness has helped to bring upon King Lear, and for which he reproaches himself. So Bassanio, having lavished his money recklessly, and to that extent wrongfully, is punished by his own disapproval of himself, when, having learned to know Portia and rate her at her true worth, he remembers with shame that he had, even in his comparative ignorance, ever allowed himself to think of her at all as in some sort the golden fleece to be won on this new Argonautic expedition to Belmont, of which he was to play the Jason; perhaps it is this feeling, as much as his admirable reasoning, which makes him turn from gaudy gold and silver to 'meagre lead,' when he would find the true Portia, precious beyond any metals.

Thus it is with Henry; he reproaches himself that he has seemed negligent of and indifferent to true honor, and he makes it matter of conscience henceforth to be almost ostentatiously right. His will is indeed inflexible when once settled; but he is anxious to know, and for other men to know, that he is right in his actions as king. Being once convinced by the Archbishop that his claim to France is just, nothing but death will or can keep him from asserting it at the point

of the sword. So his terrible sense of stern justice makes him give over the conspirators to execution; and while he mourns over his friend and former bed-fellow, Scroop, there is no sign of yielding to the impulse of mercy; the offence is too serious a fact for emotion to atone for it, only another fact can do that, the fact of death. Henry does not reason himself up to the point of sending his former friend to death, but he so explains the crime that the man himself feels that he is self-condemned.

> O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
> The sweetness of affiance! show men dutiful?
> Why, so didst thou: seem they grave and learned?
> Why, so didst thou: come they of noble family?
> Why, so didst thou: seem they religious?
> Why, so didst thou: or are they spare in diet,
> Free from gross passion or of mirth or anger,
> Constant in sprit, not swerving with the blood,
> Garnish'd and deck'd in modest complement,
> Nor working with the eye without the ear,
> And but in purged judgment trusting neither?
> Such and so finely bolted didst thou seem:
> And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
> To mark the full-fraught man and best indued
> With some suspicion. I will weep for thee;
> For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
> Another fall of man.
>
> —II, ii, 126.

Henry's masterful perception of fact is so intense that it drives home to the hearts and consciences of all who hear. The Archbishop is much impressed by this power in the king's character and intelligence, and he concludes 'that the art and practic part of life must be the mistress to this theoric;' but he wonders where and when the king learned it all, because of the wildness of his youth, to which Ely replies, that 'under the veil of wildness' the prince 'obscured his contemplation,'—the soundest of all education being that which an intelligent man gives himself by cool, close observation and reflection. Both Dowden and Hudson, in their excellent discussions of this character, call attention to Henry's 'noble realisation of fact.' He is by no means lacking in imagination, and his fancy is as various as

his wit is nimble. But his reality is perhaps his strongest attraction to us. He knows what he is, and he knows what other men are, and hence his thorough self-confidence; and, too, because of his self-acknowledged superiority he is so humble, as only real strength can be, and as pure, strong women are much oftener than men of like powers, humbler even than his younger brothers in fulfilled manhood, Orlando and Bassanio and Edgar, and because he sees things as they are even more clearly than they do, by reason of his greater elevation among men. His whole life is achievement.

The contrast between this prince of doers and Hamlet, the prince of thinkers and of dreamers, is strong. Hamlet wants to think about things, Henry wants to act them out. 'To be, or not to be,' says Hamlet, 'that is the question.' 'I *am*,' says Henry in effect through his life of action, 'there is no question about it.' Hamlet admires Fortinbras with a sincere, though ironical admiration. Henry would have taken Fortinbras as a matter of course, and would have excelled him, as he did Hotspur. Hamlet, secluded in his student existence from the practical world, looking at the futility of life in its actual limitations as compared with the conception of its ideal possibilities, is disgusted in advance with the inadequacy of what his action may produce. Henry, familiar with deeds from his early boyhood, having learned in the sharp school of war that the 'flighty purpose never is o'ertook unless the deed go with it,' has come to regard the limited, actual fact as of greatly more consequence than the conception of it, however grand and perfect. He believes, with the self-executing faith of a very strong, ardent temperament, that doing a thing well, as well as a man can, is vastly better than thinking to perfection about doing it. Hence, if the thing should be done, it should be done worthily and at once; and if the thing be wrong, it must be punished or atoned for in this world and at once. Henry's justice, therefore, is well-nigh as immitigable as fate; in Hamlet's place, he would have killed his uncle, wherever the 'limed soul' might go after death. Henry's wooing, plain-spoken throughout, looks forward, bluntly enough, to 'compounding a boy that shall go to Constantinople and take the Turk by the beard,' and ends in old-fashioned

matrimony; Hamlet's wooing looks forward to a nunnery, and ends in a grave. Yet probably most of us love Hamlet more than Henry, and in a different way. And Dowden remarks: 'We know (from the historical plays) what Shakspere would have tried to become himself if there had not been a side of his character which acknowledged closer affinity with Hamlet than with Henry.'

For a personal description of Henry, in addition to what Shakespeare gives, see the extracts from Holinshed in the *Clarendon Press* editions of the play, where Mr. Aldis Wright also discusses the question of the politics of the play, which, it seems, might be summed up in the one word, patriotism. For the condition of the Church, see Green's *Short History* and *Hallam's Middle Ages;* see also Tennyson's *Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham,* and Gairdner's *The Houses of Lancaster and York.* See Strickland's *Queens of England* for life of Katharine. For contemporary Europe see Freeman's *Outlines* and Gibbon's *Roman Empire;* and upon the consideration of all should be brought to bear the suggestive questions of Professor M. W. Smith in SHAKESPEARIANA for June, 1887.

WM. TAYLOR THOM.

SHAKESPEARE PROFESSORSHIPS.—I never open my Shakespeare that I do not find myself wishing that there might be professorships established for the expounding of his works, as there used to be for those of Dante in Italy. There is nothing in our literature so stimulating and so suggestive as the thoughts which he seems to drop by chance as if his hands were too full of them. Nothing so cheery as his humor, nothing that laps us in elysium so quickly as the lovely images which he marries to the music of his verse. He is also the great master of rhetoric in teaching us what to follow, and also perhaps quite as often in teaching us what to avoid. I value him above all for this, that for those who know no language but their own there is as much intellectual training to be got from the study of Shakespeare's works as those from any—I had almost said from any of the ancients—I had almost said of all the ancients put together.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Open Court.

That's a question; how shall we try it?
—*The Comedy of Errors*, V, i. 421.

In this I'll be impartial; be you judge
Of your own cause.
—*Measure for Measure*, V, i, 166.

PARMENIDES QUOTED BY HAMLET.

To the Editor:—It is not generally known that the celebrated speech in *Hamlet* beginning, 'to be, or not to be,' traces its origin to the ancient and little known philosopher, Parmenides. Bacon thought that Parmenides was amongst the number of those whose theories and conclusions deserve more respect than they obtain. 'With regard to the dogmas of the ancient philosophers, as those of Pythagoras, Philolaus, Xenophanes, Anaxagoras, Parmenides, Leucippas, Democritus, and the rest, which men usually pass over with disdain, it will not be amiss to look upon them somewhat more modestly.' He shows himself well acquainted with the works of Parmenides, whom he five times mentions by name, and he commends Telesius for having revived his philosophy. But still we of this nineteenth century remain as ignorant of the doctrines of the ancient philosopher as the wise men of Bacon's age appear to have been. Who, then, was Parmenides, and what did he teach? *

In an article in the *Fortnightly Review* (vol. xviii, *new series*), upon the 'Eleatic Fragments,' the writer, Mr. John Addington Symonds,

* Attention was drawn to the following by the late lamented Mrs. Alaric Watts.

says:—'Parmenides, a native of Elea, who flourished about the year 503, enjoyed a reputation in his native city scarcely inferior to that of Pythagoras at Crotona, . . . and there is good reason to suppose that Parmenides had intercourse with members of the Pythagorean sect. . . . Of Parmenides some precious notices have been preserved by Plato. The relation of the phenomenal universe to real existence, were for the first time treated in the School of Elea, and these ideas appear especially to have occupied the mind of Parmenides. The Unity of the Being, of Parmenides, was the barest metaphysical abstraction, deduced, we are tempted to believe, in the first instance, from a single observation of language, and yet, when formed, not wholly purged from corporeity. Being—is proved by the word ἐστι. The singular number indicates the unity of the subject; the present time proves its eternity—for it neither asserts a *Has-been*, nor a *Will-be*, but an everlasting *Is*. The antithesis *Not Being* is impossible and inconceivable: οὐκ ἐστι. . . . The Fragments of Parmenides, which contain the philosophy of "Being and Not Being," appear to have formed portions of a poem in hexameters. It opens with an allegory, in which the Poet or the Soul of Man is drawn by horses in a chariot to the House of Truth, where dwells the Goddess, the Divine Sophia, who instructs him. After this exordium come fragments of a lecture delivered by the Divine Sophia.'

'"Come now, for I will tell, and thou hear and keep my words, what are the only ways of inquiry that lead to knowledge. The one that certifies that *Being is, and that Not Being is Not*, is the pathway of persuasion. The other, which declares that *Being is Not, and that Not Being must be*, that I affirm to be wholly unpersuasive; for neither could'st thou know *Not Being* since it cannot be got at, nor could'st thou utter it in words, seeing that thought and being are the same. To me it is indifferent where I begin, for again to the same point shall I return. It must be that speech and though is *Being*, for *Being is*, and that *Not Being* is nothing, which thing I bid thee ponder.'"

More follows on the same theme, and then follows this remarkable passage:—

'Whether either to be or not to be is the unconditioned alternative. . . This then is the point of decision, *It is*, or *it is not*,' and so the

extract runs on for a considerable space, still constantly ringing the changes upon *Being* and *Not Being.* Could the substance of this remarkable philosophic fragment—from a source but little known even to readers of the present day—have been condensed into a more perfect form than in the world-famous soliloquy of Hamlet?'

'To be or not to be, that is the question.'

C. M. Pott.

BACON A PROPHET.

To the Editor:—

'I meane not to speake of Divine Prophecies; nor of Heathen Oracles; nor of Naturall Predictions.'

—Bacon. Essay xxxv.

Shakespeare's *Henry IV.* was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company in 1597, and published in 1598.

Sir John Hayward's 'First part of the Raigne of King Henrie the IIII., extending to the first year of his raigne,' the book in question in the cipher story, was published in 1599, and Hayward was censured in the Star Chamber and imprisoned in that year.

It appears then that Bacon, according to Mr. Donnelly, predicted the events of the story, including the details of Cecil's accusation, Elizabeth's attack on Hayward with her crutch, Percy's ride, Bacon's ratsbane and broken head, Shakespeare's pretty daughter, mouldy cakes, bad mutton and bitter beer, and embalmed them in his cipher over two years before the occurrence.

The revival of the obsolete play 'of the deposing King Richard the Second,' of which Elizabeth complained to Lambarde, was on February 7th, 1601.

Thos. Frankland.

Chicago, October 1st, 1887.

Shakespeare Societies.

Such a holy witch
That he enchants societies into him;
Half all men's hearts are his. —*Cymbeline*, I, vi, 166.

THE SHAKESPEARE CLUB OF MONTREAL.—Programme of Work.—Session VII., 1877-8:—

Sept. 12. Preliminary Meeting.

Much Ado about Nothing.—Sept. 26. 'Shakespeare, Artist or Moralist?' by C. A. Duclos, 'The Genius of Shakespeare,' by J. E. Logan: Oct. 17. Papers on *Much Ado about Nothing*, by Messrs. Short, Marler, and Miller.

Timon of Athens.—Oct. 31. 'Childlife in Shakespeare,' by W. McLellan, 'The Dramatic Interpreters of Shakespeare,' by A. D. Nicolls: Nov. 14. 'Shakespeare's Natural Religion,' by R. W. Boodle, 'Shakespeare and the Supernatural,' by N. T. Rielle: Nov. 28. Papers on *Timon of Athens*, by Messrs. Gould, Lafleur, and MacGillycuddy.

Henry VIII.—Dec. 12. 'The War of the Theatres and Shakespeare's share in it,' by H. Abbott, 'The Contemporary Actors of Shakespeare,' by W. R. Miller: Jan. 9. 'Shakespeare in France,' by E. Lafleur, 'Shakespeare in Germany,' by A. G. Parker: Jan. 30. Papers on *Henry VIII*, by Messrs. Boodle, Nicolls, and McLellan.

Macbeth.—Feb. 13.—'Shakespeare's Men,' by W. de M. Marler, 'Shakespeare's Women,' by Rev. Canon Norman: March 5. 'Shakespeare's Clowns and Fools,' by F. T. Short, 'Shakespeare's Villains,' by E. W. Arthy: March 19. Papers on *Macbeth*, by Messrs. Norman, Parker, and Rielle.

All's Well that Ends Well—April 9. 'Shakespeare's Lyrics,' by C. H. Gould, 'Shakespeare on the Social Life of his Day,' by J. MacGillicuddy: April 23. Annual Dinner: April 30. Annual Meeting: May 7. Papers on *All's Well that Ends Well*, by Messrs. Abbott, Duclos, and Arthy.

F. T. SHORT, *Hon. Secretary.*

140 *St. James St.*

University of N. C. Shakspere Club.—Scheme of Readings for 1887–'88 :—

1. *Titus Andronicus.* Was it Shakspere's? Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, compared with it.

2. *Love's Labour's Lost.* Influence of French manners on English life. Rabelais' relation to English Literature. Roger Ascham's views of education.

3. *The Comedy of Errors.* Influence of Plautus and the Latin Comedy on the English drama, from *Ralph Roister Doister* onward. Likeness between the Elizabethan and the Italian Comedy.

4. Shakspere's *Richard the Second* and Marlowe's *Edward the Second* compared. Marlowe's influence on Shakspere.

5. *Antony and Cleopatra.* Ben Jonson's and Beaumont and Fletcher's dramas on similar subjects.

6. *Macbeth.* The two sources of Shakspere's materials for this play. His treatment of moral and psychological questions. Macbeth's temptation. Greek Tragedy compared with Shakspere. Mrs. Siddons's and other representations of Lady Macbeth. The Knocking at the Gate.

7. *Romeo and Juliet.* The influence of Italian and other novellists on Shakspere. The version of the tale in Painter's *Palace of Pleasure.* Shakspere's earlier and later forms of the play. The style, the metre, etc., in relation to the date of composition and the development of Shakspere's genius. The structure of the play, a dramatic symphony.

8. *The Tempest.* Sources of the plot, date. Supernatural agents compared with those in *Midsummer-Night's Dream* and *Macbeth.* Female character. Moral spirit. The German play.

Editorial Committee.—Prof. Thomas Hume, Jr., D.D., Chairman; Prof. George T. Winston, Mr. Robert G. Grissom, Mr. S. B. Weeks, Mr. Lucius P. McGehee

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Chas. Reade's Opinion of the Baconian Theory.—He had a profound contempt for the theorists who argue that Shakespeare was an incapable and an impostor, a mere stalking-horse for Lord Bacon. It was a sign of incipient madness, he declared, to have any doubt as to the identity of him who wrote *Macbeth* and *Othello.* 'It was no more in Bacon's power to have written those plays than it was in Locke's or Dugald Stewart's. The whole bent and character of the man's mind was different.'—*Memoirs of Charles Reade.*

Reviews.

Observations,
Which with experimental seal doth warrant
The tenour of my book.
—*Much Ado About Nothing*, IV, i, 167.

*MR. HALLIWELL-PHILLIPPS'S RECENT CONTRIBUTIONS TO SHAKESPEARIAN KNOWLEDGE.**

WITHIN seven years an impress has been made, by the diligence and ability of one man, that will forever mark a distinct epoch in biographical and general Shakespearian knowledge. The preparation for this definite advance, of course, dates further back. The working years of one man's life were necessary to cover the inception and progress of this important task, but the last seven years have been enough to make it unmistakably manifest.

Whether the last word has been said or not cannot yet be told. Treasures rich enough to put all previous results in occultation seem, possibly, to be within the direct range of promise. While, indirectly, the influence of this labor—of its methods and of its elicited facts—on the whole Shakespearian field is seen to be widely penetrating and already traceable.

* *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare.* By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. The seventh edition. London: Longmans, Green & Co. 1887. 2 vols. pp. 416 and 432. $4.50

Shakespeare's Tours.—The Visits of Shakespeare's Company of Actors to the provincial cities and towns of England, illustrated by extracts gathered from Corporate Records. By J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps. Brighton: 1887. 48 pp. For Private circulation and for Presents only.

Its effects upon the latest phases of the Baconian argument are among the curiosities of the passing day. Without the isolated facts drawn to suit the purpose, here and there, from Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's careful stores, the fabric of negative evidence for the Baconian theory would lose its only appearance of plausibility. On the other hand, with the whole line of facts concerning Shakespeare ranged in order and relation and brought to bear in full volley upon these circumstantial assumptions, the half-truths which make the sole strength of the Holmes and Donnelly special pleading stand not an instant in their thwarted place, but wheel into their due position on the other side of the argument.

It may have seemed to the judicious reader of the first part of Mr. Donnelly's recent plea—the part which does not depend solely on the cipher bolster, whose employment the inconclusiveness of the evidence doubtless suggested — that there is a deal of spoiled material here, stolen piecemeal from Shakespearian factories, and that it was a pity to have made so fair an article and left it open to indiscriminate use. The consolation may yet be found in this; that the more popular talk these borrowed pyrotechnics make, the deeper inquiry will there be about the brand, and once the source of unexhausted supplies is understood, the little lot of stolen gun-powder on the wrong side of the true application will become a cause of danger, and in the blaze of clearer light from a completer knowledge the cunning engineer must be speedily 'hoist with his own petard.' Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's unflinching search for all details of fact has made his *Outlines* suffer from marauders more, perhaps, than any other one book.*

Yet, after all, it looks as though the Halliwell-Phillipps research, and the Halliwell-Phillipps method of looking things up to the utmost

* Oddly enough, too, it is to the reduced fac-simile of the first folio, an edition due to the generous connivance of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps in an effort to place the real Shakespeare within everyone's reach, which has been the means of precipitating the cipher puzzle on a gaping world; for, evidently, Mr. Donnelly's labor has not been done by the light of an original edition, or even of a Booth reprint, or a Staunton photo-lithograph, and he has taken to seeing details instead of wholes while mazing with blurred vision over the types of the cheapest and also the most illegible edition of the folio of 1623 ever issued.

completeness possible, of refraining from empty theorizing, of asserting nothing without warrant, and of laying processes as well as results open freely to the public he seeks to serve instead of dominate, would point the way to putting distorted things straight. If the people who do not know their Shakespeare well enough not to be hoodwinked by an incomplete and specious account of him, his works and his times, and who do not know well how generous and thorough a work, by an unbiased and expert guide, is ready for their reference, might be led by this ado about Bacon to read and recognize the poet of all time, and to inform themselves more thoroughly upon the rich conditions of the common existence in those spacious days of Queen Elizabeth—so like ours in essence, in seething life and widening promise—so unlike ours in externality—in literary or social methods, contrivances, and conveniences; if, then, as Huxley said recently, the next best thing to our having a Shakespeare in our own time is to have a desire to know and study him; and if the Baconian puzzle department now running in so many magazines and newspapers might arouse such a popular desire; it would be the best piece of accidental fortune that ever befell literary taste. That this will be the result, in a large degree, of the popular agitation of the cipher theory, one may venture to prophesy. As it stands, now, the argument rests on neither logically conclusive or scientifically based evidence, and since no one can pronounce with certainty upon the unfolded, it follows, in fairness, that allowance may be made for the possibility of its sounder establishment. In the meantime, debate of it is good, and if, as one may guess, the new supposition turn out to be a 'boomerang,' the whole discussion may be classed among those unfortunate and seemingly futile occurrences from which the public may extract a decided advantage.

Malcontents, who see nothing but evil in the Present, and who forget it is heir of the Past they praise and mother of the Future they glorify, declare that the Baconian theory is the legitimate result of the predominant tendency of the age toward analysis and materialism. And so it is, may be, but the remedy, then, is within the reach of the same predominant tendency. It is not that the argument tends

toward analysis and scientific method, that it is poor, but that it is pseudo-scientific only, or not scientific enough. Not to take things for granted is good; to analyze is good; but to lose one's head in details, and to disregard the logical linking thereupon of due generalizations, this it is which is not good enough to endure scrutiny, or to lead the world to sound advancement. Again the old quotation from Pope seems to register a just distinction: 'A little *science* is a dangerous thing; drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring.'

In assisting the scrutiny which the Baconian argument in its latest phases seems destined still to attract, no other book, save that summary and brief of a cloud of contemporary witnesses for the Warwickshire claimant of the plays—Dr. Ingleby's *Centurie of Prayse*—is so well qualified to bear a prominent part as *The Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*. And this, not in its facts merely: in its spirit and its methods, it is in sympathy with the mental temper of the time and fitted to serve present needs.

It is unnecessary, here, to describe a book of which the seventh edition is this year issued, and whose value is well known to all readers of this magazine, but to point out its peculiar adaptation to current conditions of investigation in the Shakespearian world may not be a useless task to undertake or a hackneyed view to offer in the consideration of its worth.

In another and very different quarter of the Shakespearian field, Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's special line of work with its distinctive methods, is qualified to exercise a decisive or moderating influence: that is, upon the efforts of scholars to assign, by æsthetic evidence and metrical tests, the proper dates for the production of each play by Shakespeare, and thence to trace authoritatively the manner and nature of his whole growth. With the desire, the literary appreciation and sympathetic critical judgment that prompts and marks their effort, who is so dull as not to have sympathy? Yet, who would not be cautious enough to hesitate to give their results the full weight they sometimes claim for them in every case where these results are not corroborated by ascertained facts? That they are full of interest as probabilities, perhaps capable of establishment by less subjective

processes of criticism, it would be a loss to the Shakespearian world not to acknowledge. Yet, it remains true, as an experienced skipper once put it, that 'you may take a cloud for a rock, but can never mistake a rock for a cloud.' Against misconstructions of probability for certainty, it is one of the especial services of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps's line of Shakespearian work to discriminate directly* and indirectly, both by his conclusions and by his methods.

When, in 1881, he published the first edition of *The Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare*, the method he formulated and used was as notable a part of his work as the research whose fruits he announced. It was nothing less than the application of the latest result of human judgment in the way of finding out truth—the scientific method—to the peculiarly difficult and elusive biography of an Elizabethan dramatist whose life was not formally written till Rowe wrote it, ninety-three years after his death. The scientific method: that meant the humblest attitude of mind, the least assumption of knowledge and authority in the worker, the barest tool to work with, the hardest lines to work upon, the utmost patience and painstaking in the work. And this in application to a meagre circuit of traditional incidents that would seem to be beyond the pale of such a method. Yet the six successors to that first sketch of one hundred and ninety-two pages† have each brought the Shakespeare Commonwealth some new and solid gift of fact or evidence. They have steadily purified and enriched the world's knowledge of one of its greatest men, and they have all gone to show, through the skill and thoroughness of the collector and sifter of dry facts and scattered traces, that the method borrowed from scientific and adapted to critical literary uses is the fundamental means of attaining any universally satisfactory knowledge.

Thus, from the second edition, of 1882, to the seventh, of 1887, it has become more and more a matter of course that all new and old Shakespearian theories must be tried henceforth by the facts thus made known, and that all new and old facts must be martialled by

* See especially pp. 347 and 348, Vol. II. of *The Outlines*.

† The reader can be referred to no better bibliographical account of *The Outlines* than Mr. J. B. Ferree's 'Story of a Great Biography,' which appeared in *Shakespeariana* for Jan. 1886 (Vol. III. pp. 1–7).

the side of these, for critical comparison, before any sound judgment upon them may be pronounced. Those writers who were content to do the easier task of telling over the narratives of the earlier editors, or of adjusting more or less effectively the stories of the seventeenth century gossips and diarists, coloring them to suit the hue of some special mannerism of thinking or of judging of some uppermost crotchet, must rest content to have done the world that slighter service whose use is transitory. The fanciful lives it was their fashion to prefix to the *Complete Works of William Shakespeare* have been forever supplanted. Their methods are rendered henceforth impossible, their dynasty is closed, and it is now generally understood that no one can afford to reckon without his *Halliwell-Phillips*. Nor only that, he cannot afford to reckon without his last issued edition.

The prefatory note to the last edition of the *Outlines* left its writer's hand in March, 1887. In the meantime, since the note prefixed to the sixth edition of April 6th, 1886, there has been a growth of material for sixty pages of new matter. These relate mainly to the Charlecote traditions, and to Shakespeare's religious affiliations. And this and each addition to the chronicle serves to show how the path of investigation which once seemed shut in and circular, is capable of extension and advance. *Shakespeare's Tours*, a volume referred to before now (in SHAKESPEARIANA for April, '87, p. 194), is an illustrative embodiment of the devotion, literary and critical conscientiousness, and scientific care and accuracy that characterize Mr. Halliwell-Phillips's investigation. Moreover, the workshop door is open; his habit is to show how far he has proceeded in any scholarly task he has set himself, and to indicate the prospect to which further labors may lead. The poet's own county is now the one in which there is the least chance of discovering new facts. Yet he accounts it not unlikely that 'some entries of considerable interest' may have been overlooked, and indulges the hope

that before long we may hear something about goodman Puff, Peter Turf, Henry Pimpernell, Marian Hacket, and, above all, news of old John Naps of Greece. Notices of these individuals would add greatly to the already high probability that Shakespeare, in his writings, was occasionally thinking of his provincial audiences. They might at the same time

be useful to those who think it worth while to enter into controversy with the Baconian theorists. The latter would then have to explain a little more than how it came to pass that his Lordship knew of Will Squele of Cotswold and Stephen Sly of Stratford-on-Avon, both of whom, as we know on indisputable evidence, were veritable contemporaries and neighbours of the great dramatist.

There is yet, also, he says, 'a mine of unexplored material'—the Worcester Records—in which 'something like thirty thousand documents would have to be read before a student could feel certain that no discoveries were left for his successor,' and in whose unearthing 'the student to be successful should always bear in mind the significant words addressed by our most eminent surgeon to his assistant in the midst of a time-limited operation,—"do not be in a hurry; we've no time to lose."' Moreover, in any part of the country some lucky chance may bring as important documents to light as the recently-found ancient title deeds of New Place, that lurked unsuspected these many years, and now reward with their possession the scholar whose life-long labors of love well merit such trophies.

Miscellany.

To knit again
This scattered corn into one mutual sheaf.
—*Titus Andronicus*, V, iii, 70.

THE CHILDS-SHAKESPEARE FOUNTAIN.—Thus read the handsome nine-inch-long, broadside invitations to the Stratford ceremonies:—

The Mayor of Stratford-on-Avon, Sir Arthur Hodgson, K.C.M.G., requests the honor of the company of Mr. and Mrs. —— on Monday, October 17, at 12 noon, on the occasion of the inauguration of the drinking fountain and clock tower, presented to the town of Shakespeare by G. W. Childs, of Philadelphia, U. S., in the Jubilee year of Queen Victoria.

Luncheon at 1 P.M. in the Town Hall.

An engraving of the Fountain, also, adorned the card.

The Mayor opened the proceedings, and read the following letter from Mr. James Russell Lowell, who was unable to be present:—

I am glad to think that this memorial should be the gift of an American, and thus serve to recall the kindred blood of the two great nations, joint heirs of the same noble language and of the genius that has given it a cosmopolitan significance. I am glad of it, because it is one of the multiplying signs that those two nations are beginning to think more and more of the things in which they sympathize, and less and less of those in which they differ. A common language is not, indeed, the surest bond of amity, for this enables each country to understand whatever unpleasant thing the other may chance to say about it. As I am one of those who believe that an honest friendship between England and America is a most desirable thing, I trust that we shall, on both sides, think it equally desirable in our intercourse one with another, to make our mother-tongue search her coffers round for the polished rather than the sharp-cornered epithets she has stored there.

The annals which Shakespeare makes walk before us in flesh and blood are his no less than yours. These are the ties which we recognize and are glad to recognize on occasions like this. They will be yearly drawn closer as science goes on with her work of abolishing time and space, and thus render more easy that peaceful commerce twixt dividable shores, which is so potent to clear away whatever is exclusive in nationality or savors of barbarism in patriotism.

A letter from Mr. J. G. Whittier, the poet, was also read, and Mr. Henry Irving read the following poem by Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes:—

Welcome, thrice welcome is thy silvery gleam,
  Thou long imprisoned stream!
Welcome the tinkle of thy crystal beads
As plashing raindrops to the flowery meads.
As summer's breath to Avon's whispering reeds!
From rock-walled channels, drowned in rayless night,
  Leap forth to life and light:
Wake from the darkness of thy troubled dream,
And greet with answering smile the morning's beam!

No purer lymph the white-limbed Naiad knows
  Than from thy chalice flows;
Not the bright spring of Afric's sunny shores,
Starry with spangles washed from golden ores,
Nor glassy stream Blandusia's fountain pours,

Nor wave translucent where Sabrina fair
Braids her loose-flowing hair.
Nor the swift current, stainless as it rose
Where chill Arveiron steals from Alpine snows.

Here shall the traveler stay his weary feet
To seek thy calm retreat;
Here at high noon the brown-armed reaper rest;
Here, when the shadows, lengthening from the west,
Call the mute song-bird to his leafy nest.
Matron and maid shall chat the cares away
That brooded o'er the day.
While flocking round them troops of children meet,
And all the arches ring with laughter sweet.

Here shall the steed, his patient life who spends
In toil that never ends,
Hot from his thirsty tramp o'er hill and plain,
Plunge his red nostrils, while the torturing rein
Drops in loose loops beside his floating mane;
Nor the poor brute that shares his master's lot—
Find his small needs forgot—
Truest of humble, long-enduring friends,
Whose presence cheers, whose guardian care defends

Here lark and thrush and nightingale shall sip,
And skimming swallows dip,
And strange shy wanderers fold their lustrous plumes,
Fragrant from bowers that lent their sweet perfumes
Where Pæstum's rose or Persia's lilac blooms;
Here from his cloud the eagle stoop to drink
At the full basin's brink,
And whet his beak against its rounded lip,
His glossy feathers glistening as they drip.

Here shall the dreaming poet linger long,
Far from his listening throng—
Nor lute nor lyre his trembling hand shall bring;
Here no frail Muse shall imp her crippled wing,
No faltering minstrel strain his throat to sing;
These hallowed echoes who shall dare to claim
Whose tuneless voice would shame.
Whose jangling chords with jarring notes would wrong
The nymphs that heard the Swan of Avon's song?

What visions greet the pilgrim's raptured eyes!
What ghosts made real rise!

The dead return—they breathe—they live again,
Joined by the host of Fancy's airy train,
Fresh from the springs of Shakespeare's quickening brain!
The stream that slakes the soul's diviner thirst
Here found the sunbeams first;
Rich with his fame, not less shall memory prize
The gracious gift that humbler wants supplies.

O'er the wide waters reached the hand that gave
To all this bounteous wave,
With health and strength and joyous beauty fraught
Blest be the generous pledge of friendship, brought
From the far home of brothers' love, unbought!
Long may fair Avon's fountain flow, enrolled
With storied shrines of old.
Castalia's spring, Egeria's dewy cave,
And Horeb's rock the God of Israel clave!

Land of our Fathers, ocean makes us two
But heart to heart is true!
Proud is your towering daughter in the West,
Yet in her burning life-blood reign confest
Her mother's pulses beating in her breast.
This holy fount, whose rills from heaven descend,
Its gracious drops shall lend—
Both foreheads bathed in that baptismal dew,
And love make one the old home and the new!

At the conclusion, Mr. Irving made the address, referring especiall to the gift and the significance of the occasion as representing a unio of American and English homage to Shakespeare, as follows:—

Mr. Childs is not only an admirable representative of the public spiri and enterprising energy of Philadelphia, but is also a man who ha endeared himself to a very wide circle by many generous deeds. I do no wonder at his munificence, for to men like him it is a second nature. rejoice in the happy inspiration which prompted the gift which s worthily represents the common homage of two great peoples to the mos famous man of their common race. We are honored by the presence of distinguished American, the political representative of his country i England. But it would do far less than justice to Mr. Phelps to affirm that he is with us in a formal and diplomatic sense. On this spot of a others Americans cease to be aliens, for here they claim our kinship wit the great master of English speech. How responsive is American life an literature to the influence which has done more than the work of an

other man to mould the thought and character of generations! The simplest records of Stratford show that this is the Mecca of American pilgrims, and that the place which gave birth to Shakespeare is regarded as the fountain of the mightiest and most enduring inspiration of our mother tongue.

An address was also made by Sir Francis Cunliffe Owen, and a round of acclamations for Mr. Childs concluded the outdoor proceedings.

At the banquet, given to the guests and the corporation, in the Town Hall, the 'Immortal Memory of Shakespeare' was proposed by Theodore Martin, and was received in reverent silence. Lord Delaware gave 'The President,' and Mr. Phelps responded.

A description of the Fountain, its inscriptions, and the circumstances attending its foundation may be found in the August SHAKESPEARIANA (pp. 389–91.)

CONCERNING OTHELLO.—The Hon. William Henry Smith, of London, whose early advocacy of the Baconian theory is well known, has become a member of the New Shakspere Society. In a conversation at a recent meeting of the Society, he held strongly to an opinion he has, that there is not a mite of jealousy in Othello, and that the only jealous character in the play is Iago; a distinction which may be more readily seen, he considers, in the *original* copy than in the *acting* version. Dr. Furness once made an observation, in the course of a memorable talk in his Library, that comes in well in this connection. *Othello*, he said, is the only tragedy Shakespeare wrote. *Lear*, *Romeo and Juliet*, even *Macbeth*, what have they of the 'high-sorrowful' compared with *Othello?* Lear, and Romeo, and Juliet are blessed in misfortune with the consciousness of an uplifting love. Things are well with them—sweet to a pain. Macbeth has worked his own ruin and his wife's, but has benumbed his nature to its poignancy. Othello has done his own love a vital wrong and knows it.

IRVING'S SHAKESPEARE.—Mr. Henry Irving has at last completed his edition of Shakespeare. Four years ago, when an American publisher since dead secured the American publication, it was

expected in a year at farthest, and the existence of such an edition was whispered as a great secret. But it has taken Mr. Irving longer than he expected to complete what had then occupied him for many years. Mr. Irving has dealt with the text in all his prompt books from the modern critical standpoint. It has taken the stage, as every one knows, 150 or 200 years to conclude that William Shakespeare knew what he wanted to say and how best to say it. But Mr. Henry Irving has never made Master David Garrick's blunder. He has always relied on readings and not on his own dexterity to amend or emend the text. This may save his edition of Shakespeare from the fate which has befallen the others edited by actors. A visitor to his London room told me years ago that he was not surprised to see two roomy cases full of the leading editions of Shakespeare. This was natural. But he was surprised to find there editions pencilled full of note and cross reference, carrying the marks of patient study through scores of volumes. Mr. Irving, I may add, looks upon the Cambridge edition in nine volumes, edited by Aldis & Wright, as the best working edition of Shakespeare. Happy the man who has a first edition, with each year of issue lettered on the shiny cloth backs.—Talcott Williams in the *Phila. Press.*

Who Wrote Bacon?—The Germans have learned something from Donnelly and other Baconians. They would take from Bacon as a philosopher as much as followers of Delia Bacon would add to him as a dramatist. Eugene Reichel has published in Stuttgart a critical study entitled, 'Who Wrote the *Novum Organon?*' That the writer of that work could not be Francis Bacon, Reichel argues, not without plausibility. His tactics are similar to those of the Biblical critics who trace to Mark alone the original of the other three Gospels, and then in that lowest deep a lower deep or anonymous 'Protevangelion.' So Reichel, by an elaborate analysis, detects in the *Novum Organon* an original work, overlaid and often marred by Baconian superfœtation—a work more poetical and, indeed, philosophical than was to be expected from Bacon's make of mind. Satisfied thus that Bacon plagiarized everything worth having in the book which is the corner-

stone of his fame, the Teutonic critic next inquires who was the real writer of the manuscript from which Bacon stole his thunder. His first thought was that that original must have been Shakespeare. But then he judged that the great dramatist was born a little too late, and must have impregnated whatever he penned with more poetry. The final conclusion of Reichel is, that the true originator of the world-famous and epoch-making *Organon* was a teacher of Bacon's, who, taken suddenly sick, on his death-bed intrusted his philosophical manuscript for publication to his promising pupil. That Bacon—aware that dead men tell no tales—should have stamped the work here and there with his own finger-marks in order to hide the real authorship, and, having thus disguised his stealings, should bring them before the world as all his own and 'the greatest birth of time,' was quite in keeping with the character of a man whom Pope damned to everlasting infamy as the 'meanest of mankind.'—*The Nation*, Sept. 29th.

CORDELIA PRONOUNCED A VIXEN.—Miss Louise Stockton, in the course of her story, 'Apple-Seed and Brier Thorn,' is responsible for the following curious criticism of *Lear*:—

'One night we all went to the theatre. The house was crowded, but it was perfectly silent, and not even between the acts was there the usual hum of voices. Every one listened, and with their eyes as well as their ears. It was Salvini who was playing Lear, and he spoke in the Italian. For the actors whose parts were in English we cared nothing, but it was with pain and grief that we followed the old king. And when the curtain fell and left him lying dead, the people arose and filed out like a funeral procession, and friends barely spoke, and there was none of the customary hubbub and cordial congratulations on a pleasant evening, but instead silence and serious faces. It was not only the actual tragedy that affected us, but the key-tone to all that is irrevocable had been struck, and our own lives had answered.

. . . . . .

I thought of Lear, and I grew cross because the tragedy was so useless, and I said that I always wanted to shake Cordelia.

'In which desire,' said Duncan, 'you would have had the sympathy of her father.'

'You are too young and too untender to suggest such wickedness,' said Bernard. 'The idea of shaking Cordelia is sacrilege.'

'I should have certainly done it if I had been Lear or Regan, or Goneril, or Kent, or Burgundy, or any member of the family. A good shaking would have done that young woman good and saved no end of trouble.'

'Why what is the matter with Cordelia?' cried Juliet.

'Her temper,' said I.

'Her temper!' scornfully repeated Juliet. Why, she is one of Shakespeare's loveliest heroines. There is nothing the matter with her temper.'

'All the same,' said Duncan. Miss Janet is in earnest; and if she ever owns a Sunday-school, there will she read *Lear* to illustrate the result of want of control over temper and tongue.'

'You are exactly right,' I answered. 'I don't know a better homily on the subject.'

'You will have to prove your assertions,' said Bernard. I agree with Juliet that Shakespeare has created no more lovely creature than Cordelia.'

'It is not necessary for me to prove anything; for certainly you can remember? The whole family had violent tempers, but Cordelia was a virago'

'Now that is treason,' cried Juliet, 'and I won't stand it.'

'Indeed she was almost—mind I say *almost*—vulgar.'

'Oh!'

'That is what Shakespeare meant,' said I. 'You have only to consider the situation. Here is a fond old father, and three daughters. He wants to please himself by pleasing them, and so he fancies he should like to see them enjoying the dignities to which they are heirs.'

'Yes,' interrupted Duncan, 'and, because he was vain as well as fond, he wanted all the world to have the benefit of the exhibition of family affection which he is about to give, and he not only invites the whole court, but Cordelia's suitors to it.'

'He wanted witnesses to his abdication, not to the filial devotion of his daughters,' returned Bernard. 'You would not have had him walk in while they were at lunch, and say, "Here, girls, is my crown. Break it up into three pieces, and make them even. All I want is a hundred or so knights: the rest of you can divide."—You could not expect the people to be satisfied with that.'

'Oh, you can *infer* what you please,' I cried, 'but look at the facts. The facts are that the whole arrangement rests on the daughters' exhibition of filial affection. The first thing the king does is to ask Goneril if she loves him; and what does she say?'

'Do you ask me?' said Bernard.

'I do.'

'She says a good deal, but the amount of it is that she loves him better than eyesight or liberty.'

'And Regan?'

'Oh, she adored her father. She loved nothing else. She was an enemy to all other joys.'

'And Cordelia?'

'Cordelia was more noble than George Washington. He saw the odds were in favor of confession, and he confessed. She saw the same, but she did not confess. She said that not even for a third of the kingdom would she tell the truth.'

'Now, you are flippant,' cried Juliet, her eyes sparkling; 'and I don't like it! Duncan has gone over to Aunt Janet's side, and you should stay on Shakespeare's—and mine.'

'My side is Shakespeare's,' I retorted. 'He is clear enough. And it is all very well to remember how Cordelia, when it is too late, seeks her father and tries to mend the misery she has caused———'

'*She*—"*caused*—"?' interrupted Juliet.

'Yes, she caused it. Why, see how she hurt and mortified her father, insulted her lover, allowed faithful old Kent to be sent into exile for defending her. And why? Because she is in a rage with her sisters. Because they are fulsome, she will not be just. The dull old king does not understand her hair-splitting, and she will not as much as say she has the ordinary affection of a daughter for him. She never gives his wounded heart a thought. Even as she goes off she is cool enough to taunt her sisters and to scoff at Burgundy, but not to give her father one last look of regret.—"So young and so untender?"—I think so!'

LIPPINCOTT'S for Oct., p. 493.

MISS ELLEN TERRY TO READE, READE OF TERRY.—'Yes, dear papa, I hope to be with you to-morrow at dinner. Thank you for saying I may come. Most affectionately your Ellen Terry.

'Love to Mrs. Seymour.' Whereupon Charles Reade, in giving this pretty billet a niche in his guard book appends this comment:—

'ELLEN TERRY. A young lady highly gifted with what Voltaire justly calls *le grand art de plaire*. She was a very promising actress, married young [in 1864] to Mr. Watt, the painter. Unfortunate differences ended in a separation [in 1877, when she married Charles Wardell, whose stage name was Kelly], and, instead of returning to the stage, she wasted some years in the country. In 1873 I coaxed her back to play Philippa at the Queen's Theatre, and she was afterward my leading actress in a provincial tour. She played Helen Rolleston very finely (*Foul Play*). In 1875 engaged to play Portia at the Prince of Wales' Theatre; and her performance is the principal histrionic attraction, the Shylock of Mr. Coghlan being considered somewhat slow and monotonous. Ellen Terry is an enigma. Her eyes are pale, her nose rather long, her mouth nothing par-

ticular. Complexion a delicate brick dust, her hair rather like tow. Yet somehow she is beautiful. Her expression kills any pretty face you see beside her. Her figure is lean and bony, her hand masculine in size and form. Yet she is a pattern of fawnlike grace, whether in movement or repose. Grace pervades the hussy. In character impulsive, intelligent, weak, hysterical — in short, all that is abominable and charming in woman.'

DIALOGUE.

ELLEN TERRY. And who is your leading lady now—that I may hate her?

READE. Miss ———.

TERRY (rubbing her hands). Oh, I'm so pleased. *She* can give you a good hiding. She *will*, too!

Ellen Terry is a very charming actress I see through and through her. Yet she pleases me all the same. Little duck!—*Reade Memoirs.*

BACON AND SCIENCE.—There is a widely prevalent belief that Lord Bacon was the originator of inductive philosophy—the father of the modern scientific method. This idea is so generally entertained that to many it will appear like paradox to question it. We have been told again and again that it was as followers of the Baconian method that Pascal and Torricelli determined the properties of air; that Newton was a disciple of Bacon and was directed by Baconian hints when he quarried from out the unknown the grand law of gravitation. 'Nurtured in Bacon's school,' says a modern enthusiast, 'Boyle transformed hydrostatics from a loose assemblage of facts into a deductive science; Watt constructed the steam-engine, which has annihilated space and economised the labor of millions, and Franklin rivalled the glories of the ancient Prometheus in snatching the electric fire from heaven.'

In reality, the influence of Bacon in starting and guiding modern science is little better than a myth. The common opinion on the subject justifies the old saying, *Communis opinio communis error.* No competent student of science acquainted with Bacon's own promises and anticipations regarding his method has ever adopted this error, though many students of science unacquainted with Bacon's works imagine that he really originated the modern scientific method, and all such students of Bacon's works as have little knowledge of the

history of scientific research imagine that the inductive method be devised and described is the method which Pascal, and Newton, Watt, the Herschels, Laplace, Darwin, and other great leaders of science have followed in effecting the discoveries which have made their names illustrious.

The world owes much to Bacon, but not this. Science owes not a little to him, but assuredly not her method. It can be more certainly shown that Bacon was not the inventor of the modern scientific method than that he was not the author of the plays attributed to Shakespeare—and this, in my opinion, is saying a great deal. But if this should by some be thought little, then I will use another comparison, and say it is as certain that Bacon was not the father of modern science as that he—Ptolemaist as he was to the backbone—was not the discoverer of the Copernican theory, the earliest product of the modern method, published to the world seventeen years before he was born.

The most striking proof of the essential difference between Bacon's method and the actual method of scientific inquiries is the marked failure of Bacon's anticipations in regard to what his method was to effect. Said Bacon (I follow Spedding's translation): 'The course I propose for the discovery of sciences is such as leaves but little to the acuteness and strength of wits, but places all wits and understandings nearly on a level. . . . For my way of discovering sciences . . . performs everything by the surest rules and demonstrations.' Assuredly no such levelling of wits as Bacon anticipated has come about. No small mind has accomplished great results by his method—nor, indeed, any great mind either.

What, then, was Bacon's method? and what is the method of all true science, alike in ancient and modern times?

There can be no knowledge of nature without observation and experiment. That is the golden rule of science. . . But it was not Bacon who enunciated first, still less was it he who first recognized, that golden rule. Recognized we know not how far back—but Chaldean astronomers and Egyptian architects must have had a very clear idea of it ages before the law was enunciated—it was insisted upon by no other than Aristotle himself. . . .

There can be no knowledge of nature until all possible observations and experiments have been made—this, though not in so many words, was the principle on which Bacon insisted. . . The method has not only *not* brought unequal wits to a common level, it has never enabled any man, let his genius be ever so great, to arrive at truth. Not one discovery in science has ever been made by this method. No student of science familiar with the complication of details existing in all the problems of nature, even in some which appear the simplest, would ever have thought of suggesting the inductive method as recommended by Bacon. No student of science has ever even begun to apply the true Baconian method—unless, indeed, we consider Bacon himself as one who tried the method, laying himself open to the well-merited stroke of the great deductive (or rather, deductively inductive) philosopher Harvey, who said to him: 'Bacon writes philosophy like a Lord Chancellor.' Any one who wishes to see what utter nonsense may be deduced by one attempting to apply the true Baconian method of induction should read Bacon's discussion of heat in the second book of the *Novum Organum.*

. . . . There is no evidence that Newton ever paid attention to aught contained either in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning,* or in the *Novum Organum.* But Newton's work suffices to make it absolutely certain that if he ever did weigh Bacon's method he found it wanting, for he followed a course of the very kind which Bacon had condemned, and carefully avoided the course Bacon had recommended. Moreover, as I wrote in 1865, Newton's success afforded a marked and early illustration of Bacon's error in supposing his system of philosophy would raise all its followers to one level, however various might be their talents and capacities. For of Newton it may justly be said that in genius, as in the work he accomplished, *genus humanum superavit.*—*Knowledge,* for August.

Voltaire and Diderot on Shakespeare.—One day, in 1778, Voltaire and Diderot were discussing things in general at the Hotel de Villette, the very house in which Voltaire died. Shortly afterwards the conversation turned upon Shakespeare, 'Ah, monsieur,'

exclaimed Voltaire, violently, 'can you prefer a monster devoid of taste of Virgil to Racine? I would as lief that we should abandon the Apollo Belvedere for the St. Christophe of Notre Dame.' Diderot remained discountenanced and embarrassed for a moment, then: 'But what would you say, monsieur, if you saw that immense Saint Christophe walking and coming forward in the streets with his limbs and colossal stature?' This Saint Christophe was a gigantic statue, a kind of colossus, that had been placed in the nave of Notre Dame by Antoine des Essarts, chamberlain of Charles VII. It disappeared in 1784 before the Revolution broke out. We quote the words of Voltaire to show that he cherished his animosity against Shakespeare up to the very last, for he died on May 30, 1778. As for the comparison that Voltaire employed it was afterwards admirably worked up by Diderot, who said: 'Moi, je ne comparerai Shakespeare ni a l'Apollon du Belvedere, ni au Gladiateur, ni à l'Antinous, ni à l'Hercule de Glycon, mais au St. Christophe de Notre Dame, colosse informe, grossièrment sculpté, mais dans les jambes duquel nous passerions tous sans que notre front touchât ses parties honteuses.'—*The Book Mart.*

Halliwell-Phillipps's Work and Deferred Interest in Baconian Discussion.—The *Pall Mall Gazette* reports a letter of Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps as follows:—

> Owing to the fact that all my time and attention is at present absorbed in the preparation of a work on a cognate subject, I will have to ask you to excuse me from entering into a Baconian discussion, though I am greatly interested in the question. I myself am endeavoring, I believe with success, to show that the tragedy of *King Lear* is merely an adaptation of an old Cornish drama that has been traditionally handed down from the days of Jack the Giant Killer, one that fully explains the inter alia allusions made by Edgar to child Roland and the giant's fie, foh, fum.

Ellen Terry's First Shakespearian Appearance.—The statement is made on the authority of the late Dutton Cook that Miss Ellen Terry made her appearance as one of the infant Princes in the revival of *Richard III.* by Charles Kean at the Princess's Theatre in 1854—that is two years earlier than her performance of the child part of *Mamilius* in *The Winter's Tale*, which the dramatic biographers describe as her first appearance on the stage.

Lincoln and Whitman on Hamlet.—There is or ought to be somewhere a travel-worn Shakespeare, which deserves to be shrined at Washington. Robert Lincoln is fond of saying that his father never traveled without having his copy of Shakespeare packed in a box, with him. In the odd moments of cases and trials, in desolate court-houses, in the cheerless rooms of more desolate hotels, in the dirt and discomfort of railroad traveling—and few of us know what railroad traveling was on the long stretches of Illinois roads thirty years ago—Abraham Lincoln read this worn copy of Shakespeare, committed great stretches to memory, until, as most men know, he was able to match the acquaintance of most actors with greater passages of the great plays. It is of still more interest, in connection with Mr. Wilson Barret's theory of Hamlet, that Lincoln once asked Hackett, 'Why do you actors always play Hamlet as an irresolute, vacillating, vague, middle-aged sort of a man? 'Because he was,' said Hackett, with the acute certainty of the actor. 'But he was not,' said Lincoln, 'he was young, impetuous, full of action, prompt. He is always doing something. The play is full of it, and he ought to be played as a young man. I was privileged the other day to hear Walt Whitman express his opinion of these conflicting theories of Hamlet. Said the old man in the slow, ponderous, hesitating tone, in which he often pauses for a word, but never for an idea, 'Is not that the mystery, the wonder, the fun of it, as the slang word would have it, that Hamlet combines both those phrases, the uncontrollable impulse, aggressive temperament, and, at the same time, the meditative, philosophic, anxious, hesitating man?' Is not this the interest of the character which has caused it to be overlaid with great accumulations, which have hidden the poet's real purpose—if he had one?' —Philadelphia *Press.*

SELECTED REPRINTS.

PART IX.—PREFACE TO POPE'S EDITION OF SHAKESPEARE.—1725.

Continued from October number.

THE folio edition (in which all the plays we now receive as his were first collected) was published by two players, Heminge and Condell, in 1623, seven years after his decease. They declare that all the other editions were stolen and surreptitious, and affirm theirs to be purged from the errors of the former. This is true as to the literal errors, and no other; for in all respects else it is far worse than the quartos.

First, because the additions of trifling and bombast passages are in this edition far more numerous. For whatever had been added, since those quartos, by the actors, or had stolen from their mouths into the written parts, were from thence conveyed into the printed text, and all stand charged upon the author. He himself complained of this usage in Hamlet, where he wishes that *those who play the clowns would speak no more than is set down for them.* (Act III. Sc. II.) But as a proof that he could not escape it, in the old editions of Romeo and Juliet there is no hint of a great number of the mean conceits and ribaldries now to be found there. In others, the low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns, are vastly shorter than at present: and I have seen one in particular (which seems to have belonged to the play-house, by having the parts divided with lines, and the actors' names in the margin) where several of those very passages were added in a written hand, which are since to be found in the folio.

In the next place, a number of beautiful passages, which are extant in the first single editions, are omitted in this: as it seems, without any other reason, than their willingness to shorten some scenes: these men (as it

was said of Procrustes) either lopping, or stretching an author, to make him just fit for their stage.

This edition is said to be printed from the *original copies;* I believe they meant those which had lain ever since the author's days in the play-house, and had from time to time been cut or added to, arbitrarily. It appears that this edition, as well as the quartos, was printed (at least partly) from no better copies than the *prompter's book*, or *piece-meal parts* written out for the use of the actors: for in some places their very names * are through carelessness set down instead of the Personæ Dramatis; and in others the notes of direction to the players for their entries, are inserted into the text † through the ignorance of the transcribers.

The plays not having been before so much as distinguished by Acts and Scenes, they are in this edition divided according as they played them; often when there is no pause in the action, or where they thought fit to make a breach in it, for the sake of musick, masques, or monsters.

Sometimes the scenes are transposed and shuffled backward and forward; a thing which could no otherwise happen, but by their being taken from separate and piece-meal written parts.

Many verses are omitted entirely, and others transposed; from whence invincible obscurities have arisen, past the guess of any commentator to clear up, but just where the accidental glimpse of an old edition enlightens us.

Some characters were confounded and mixed, or two put into one, for want of a competent number of actors. Thus in the quarto edition of Midsummer-Night's Dream, Act V. Shakspeare introduces a kind of master of the revels called Philostrate; all whose part is given to another character (that of Egeus) in the subsequent editions: so also in Hamlet and King Lear. This too makes it probable that the prompter's books were what they called the original copies.

From liberties of this kind, many speeches also were put into the mouths of wrong persons, where the author now seems chargeable with making them speak out of character: or sometimes perhaps for no better reason, than that a governing player, to have the mouthing of some favourite speech himself, would snatch it from the unworthy lips of an underling.

Prose from verse they did not know, and they accordingly printed one for the other throughout the volume.

Having been forced to say so much of the players, I think I ought in justice to remark that the judgment as well as condition of that class of people, was then far inferior to what it is in our days. As then the best play-houses were inns and taverns, (the Globe, the Hope, the Red Bull,

* Much Ado About Nothing, II.: "Enter Prince Leonato, Claudio, and Jack Wilson," instead of Balthasar. And in Act IV. Cowley and Kemp constantly through a whole scene. Edit. Folio of 1623, and 1632. POPE.

† Such as

"My queen is murder'd. *Ring the little bell.*"

"—— His nose grew as sharp as a pen, *and a table of green fields;*" which last words are not in the quarto. POPE.

There is no such line in any play of Shakspeare, as that quoted above by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

the Fortune, etc.) So the top of the profession were then mere players, not gentlemen of the stage: they were led into the buttery by the steward, not placed at the lord's table, or lady's toilette: and consequently were entirely deprived of those advantages they now enjoy in the familiar conversation of our nobility, and an intimacy (not to say dearness) with people of the first condition.

From what has been said, there can be no question but had Shakspeare published his works himself (especially in his latter time, and after his retreat from the stage), we should not only be certain which are genuine, but should find in those that are, the errors lessened by some thousands. If I may judge from all the distinguishing marks of his style, and his manner of thinking and writing, I make no doubt to declare that those wretched plays, Pericles, Locrine, Sir John Oldcastle, Yorkshire Tragedy, Lord Cromwell, The Puritan, London Prodigal, and a thing called The Double Falsehood,* cannot be admitted as his. And I should conjecture of some of the others (particularly Love's Labour's Lost, The Winter's Tale, Comedy of Errors, and Titus Andronicus), that only some characters, single scenes, or perhaps a few particular passages were of his hand. It is very probable what occasioned some plays to be supposed Shakspeare's was only this: that they were pieces produced by unknown authors, or fitted up for the theatre while it was under his administration; and no owner claiming them, they were adjudged to him, as they give strays to the lord of the manor: a mistake which (one may also observe) it was not for the interest of the house to remove. Yet the players themselves, Heminge and Condell, afterwards did Shakspeare the justice to reject those eight plays in their edition; though they were then printed in his name,† in everybody's hands, and acted with some applause (as we learn from what Ben Jonson says of Pericles in his ode on the New Inn). That Titus Andronicus is one of this class I am the rather induced to believe, by finding the same author openly express his contempt of it in the Induction to Bartholomew Fair, in the year 1614, when Shakspeare was yet living. And there is no better authority for these latter sort than for the former, which were equally published in his life-time.

If we give in to this opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him? And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance, and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors? From one or other of these considerations, I am verily persuaded, that the greatest and grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one, in which it now appears to us.

* The Double Falsehood, or the Disturbed Lovers, a play acted at Drury Lane. 8vo. 1727. This piece was produced by Mr. Theobald as a performance of Shakspeare's. Reed.

†His name was affixed only to four of them.

This is the state in which Shakspeare's writings lie at present; for since the above-mentioned folio edition, all the rest have implicitly followed it, without having recourse to any of the former, or ever making the comparison between them. It is impossible to repair the injuries already done him; too much time has elapsed, and the materials are too few. In what I have done I have rather given a proof of my willingness and desire, than of my ability to do him justice. I have discharged the dull duty of an editor, to my best judgment, with more labour than I expect thanks, with a religious abhorrence of all innovation, and without any indulgence to my private sense or conjecture. The method taken in this edition will show itself. The various readings are fairly put in the margin, so that every one may compare them; and those I have preferred into the text are constantly *ex fide codicum*, upon authority. The alterations or additions, which Shakspeare himself made, are taken notice of as they occur. Some suspected passages, which are excessively bad (and which seem interpolations by being so inserted that one can entirely omit them without any chasm, or deficience in the context) are degraded to the bottom of the page; with an asterisk referring to the places of their insertion. The scenes are marked so distinctly, that every removal of place is specified; which is more necessary in this author than any other, since he shifts them more frequently; and sometimes without attending to this particular, the reader would have met with obscurities. The more obsolete or unusual words are explained. Some of the most shining passages are distinguished by commas in the margin; and where the beauty lay not in particulars, but in the whole, a star is prefixed to the scene. This seems to me a shorter and less ostentatious method of performing the better half of criticism (namely, the pointing out an author's excellencies) than to fill a whole paper with citations of fine passages, with *general applauses* or *empty exclamations* at the tail of them. There is also subjoined a catalogue of those first editions by which the greater part of the various readings and of the corrected passages are authorized; most of which are such as carry their own evidence along with them. These editions now hold the place of originals, and are the only materials left to repair the deficiencies or restore the corrupted sense of the author: I can only wish that a greater number of them (if a greater number were ever published) may yet be found, by a search more successful than mine, for the better accomplishment of this end.

I will conclude by saying of Shakspeare, that with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestick piece of *Gothick* architecture, compared with a neat modern building: the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur.

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